MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 13 No. 8 60p

SUMMER OF '78: Great holiday issue

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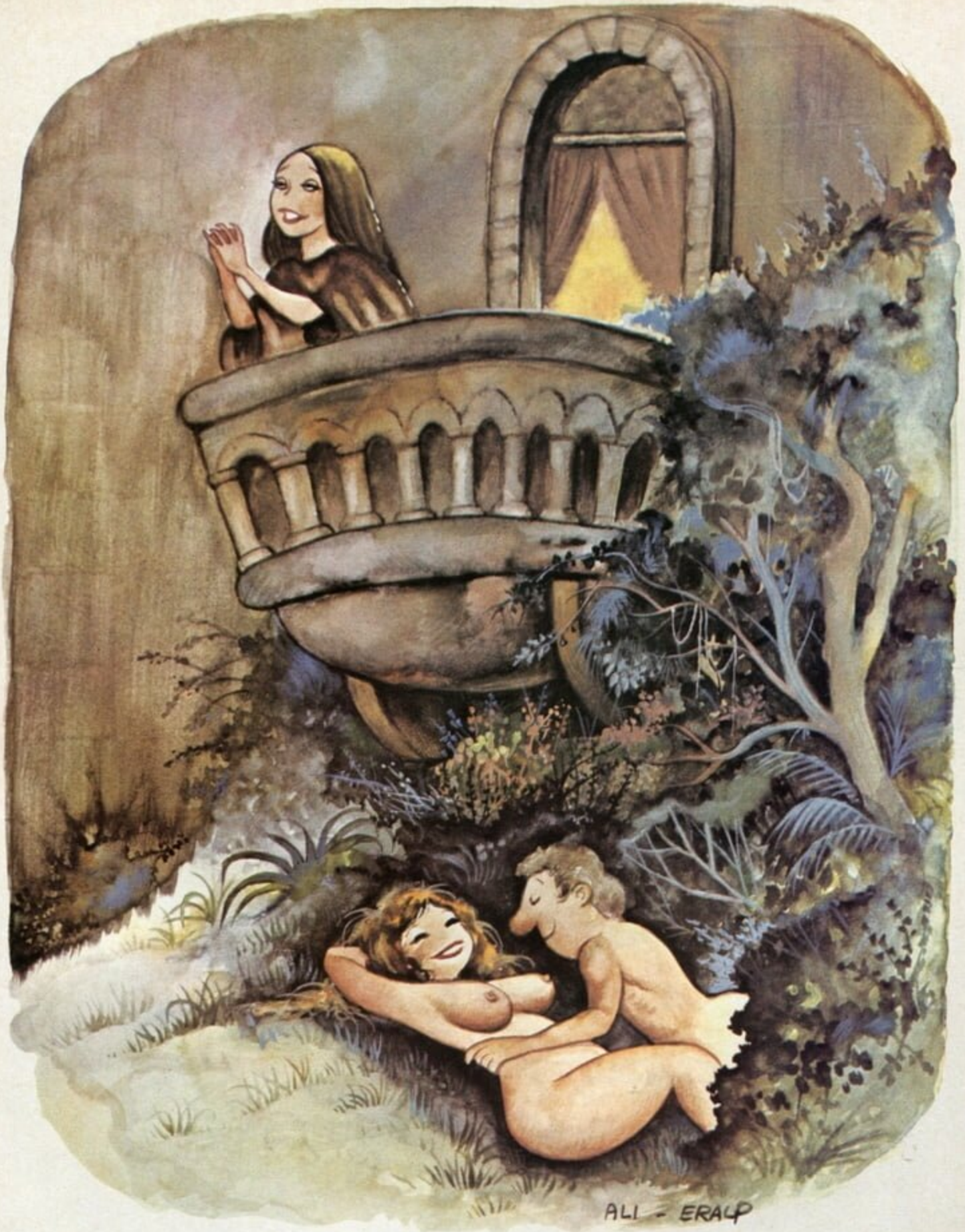


'Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?'

'Just the golf today, miss, please.'

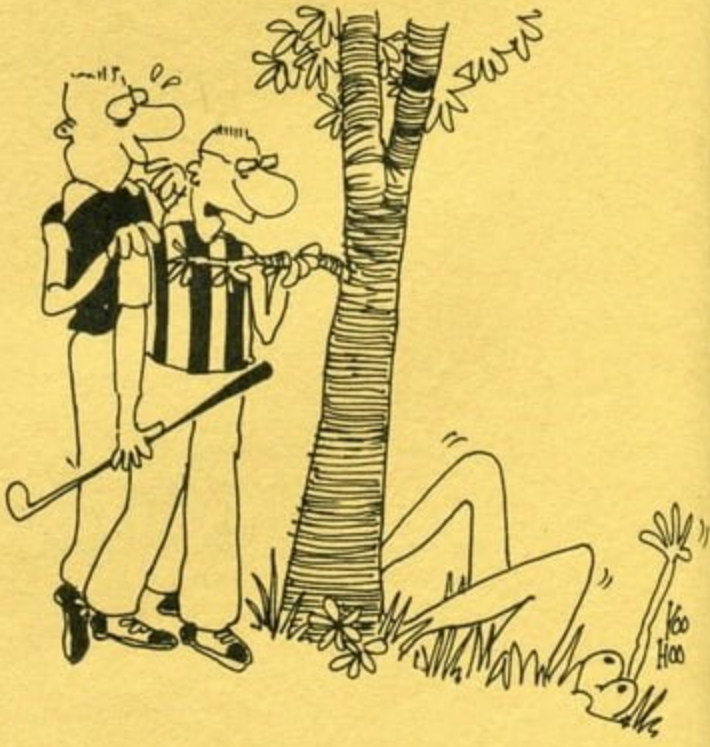
TEE FOR TWO

Cartoonist Peter Maddocks takes
to the fairways to discover what it is that
makes golf such a popular pastime

'They tell me you are the club pro.'

'You haven't been in the rough again, have you?'

'I've used that old bag of mine for years – apart from a couple of holes, it's as good as new.'

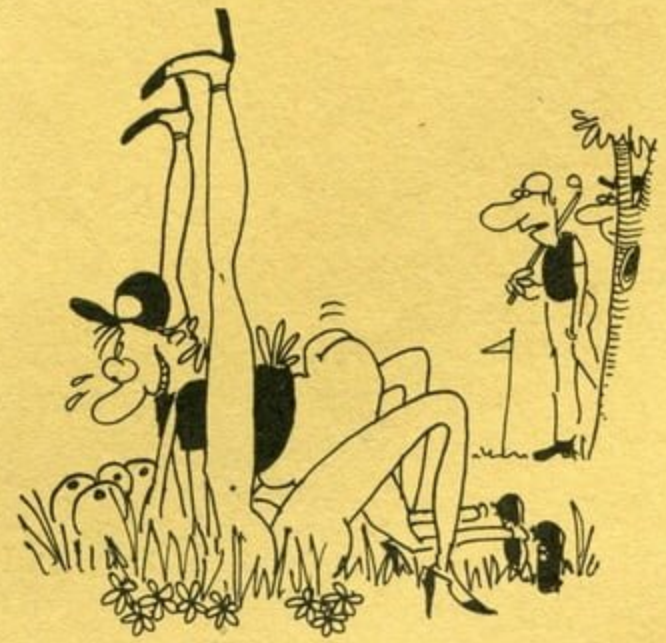


'Hans, I think we are looking at the British Open.'

'Your wife is in the sand trap again!'

'You can never follow a stroke through, can you?'

'Have you been using that vibrator on my balls?'

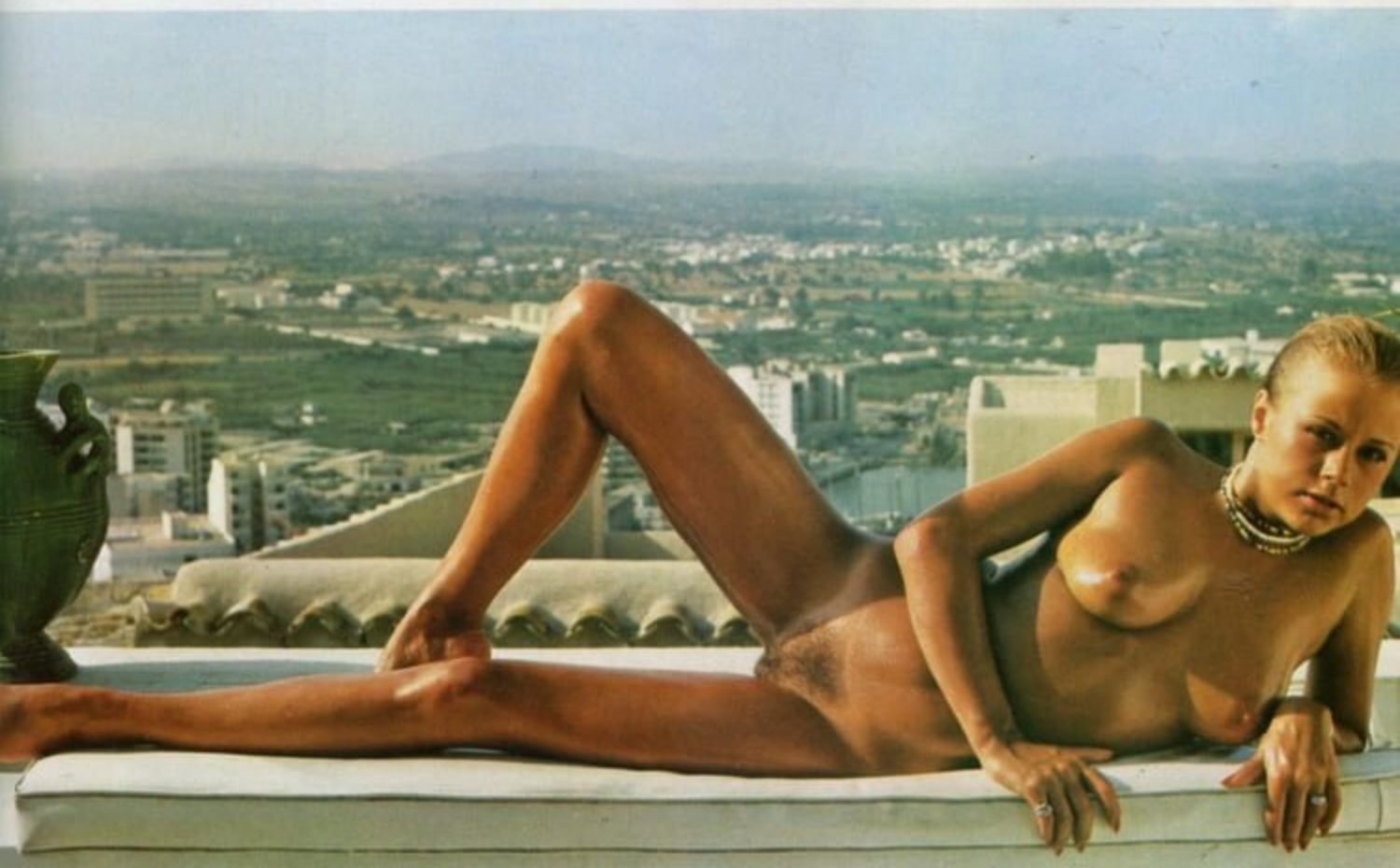


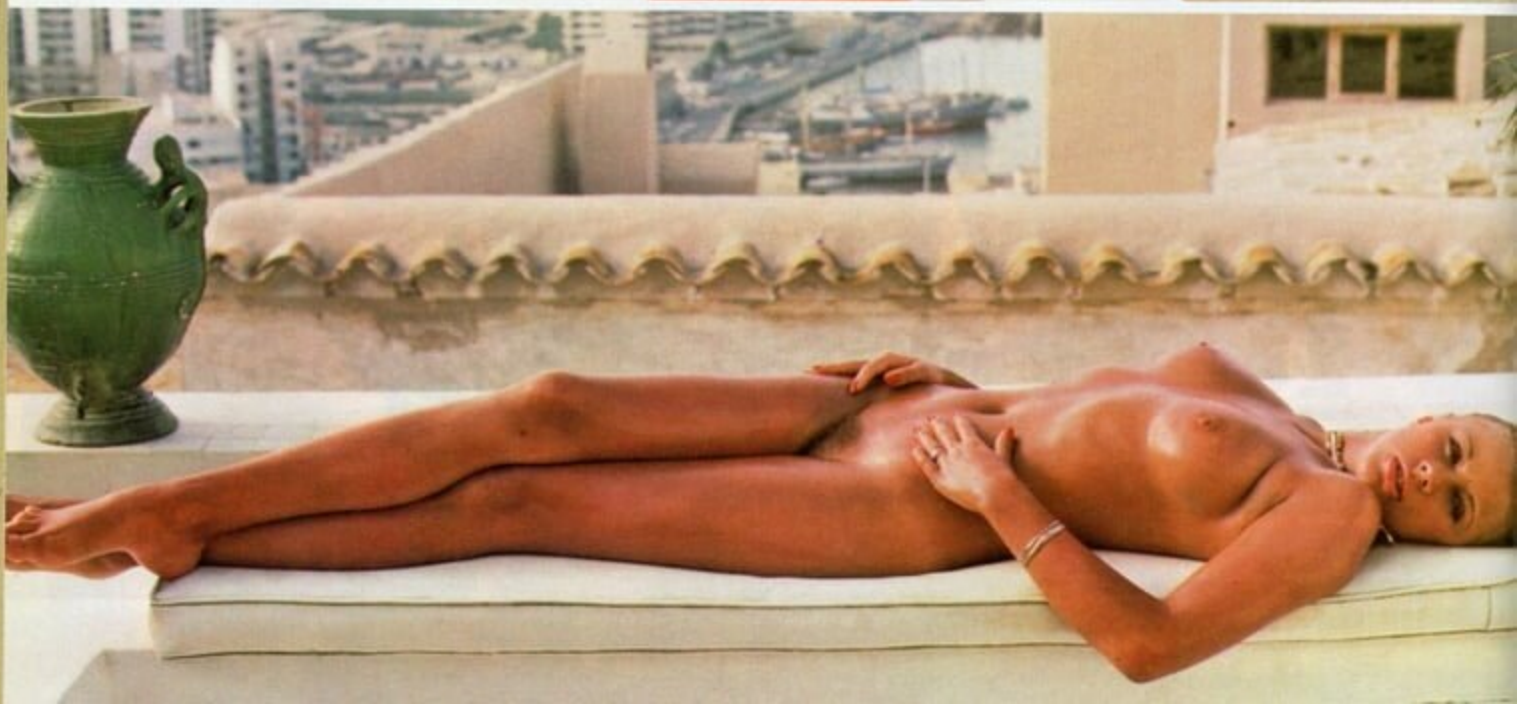
'Goodness! It's two under Parr.'

MARIKA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

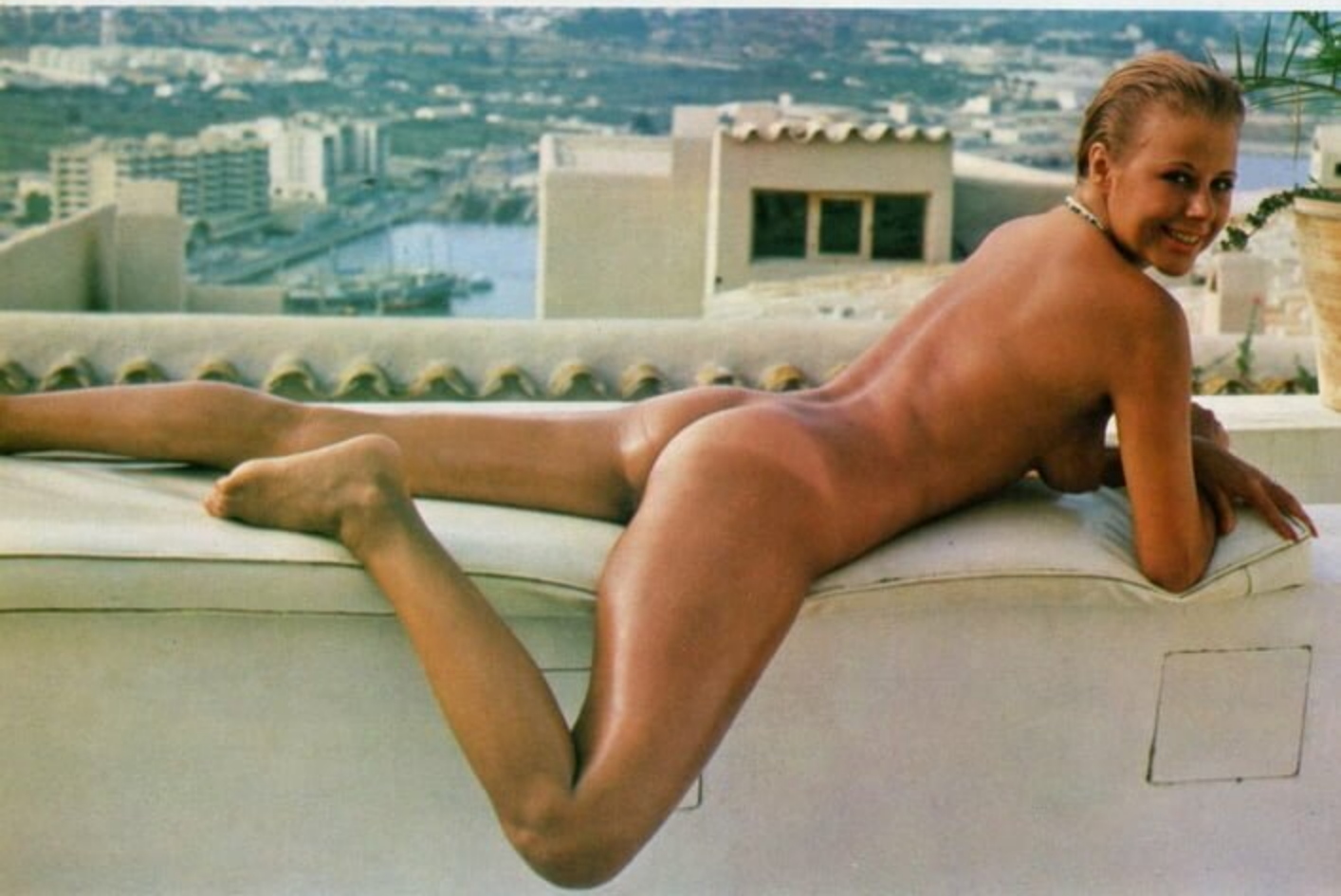
Cute and curvy; sexy and sultry – one of the most pleasing aspects of being a dedicated bird fancier is that the female of the species comes in as wide a variety of delectable shapes and sizes as you could wish for. Adding to the spice is the fact some of these varieties are rarer than others. Take 23-year-old Marika Van Doorn for example. There's only one real descriptive word that does her 5 feet 8 inch, 37–22–36 full justice and that word is Statuesque. Not cold and forbidding, but a warm living example of femininity at its finest. 'What a super compliment,' smiles Marika in a voice which has just the smallest trace of her Dutch ancestry, 'although,' she teases, 'I'm sure you must say similar kinds of things to all your *Mayfair* girls.'





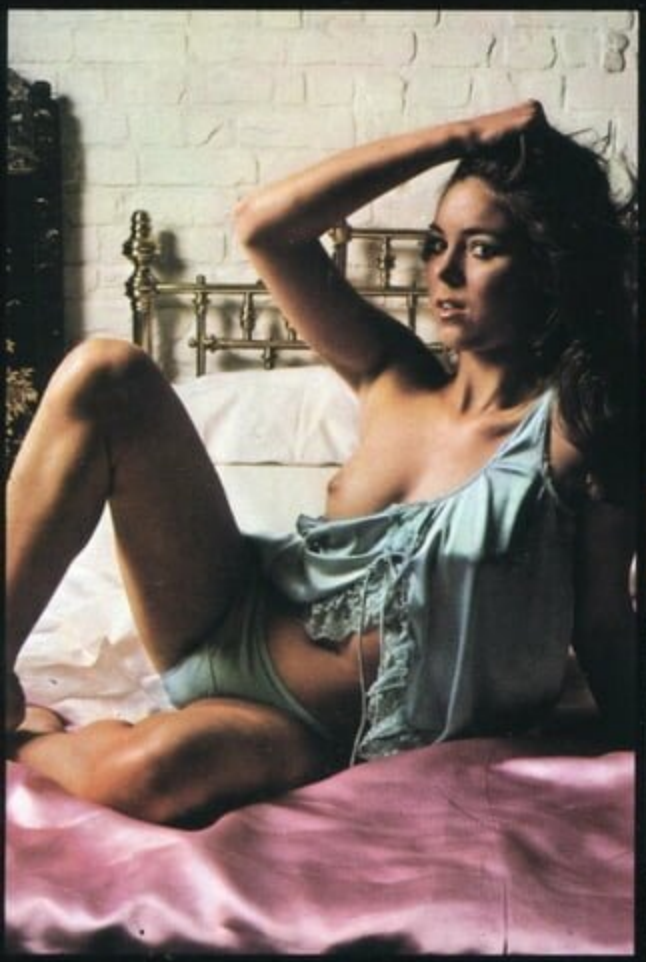
Born and educated in Amsterdam, Marika has for the past five years lived in England – more specifically Spalding in Lincolnshire – where she works for a large bulb concern supplying all manner of tulips, daffodils and other flora to domestic and commercial gardeners. 'My job involves liaison between English and Dutch bulb-fields,' says Marika. 'The fact that I'm bilingual, well trilingual in actuality as my German's pretty good, means that any language problems that can and do crop up from time to time are easily solved. I like English as a language – its rather elegant. Dutch and German are rather too gutteral.'

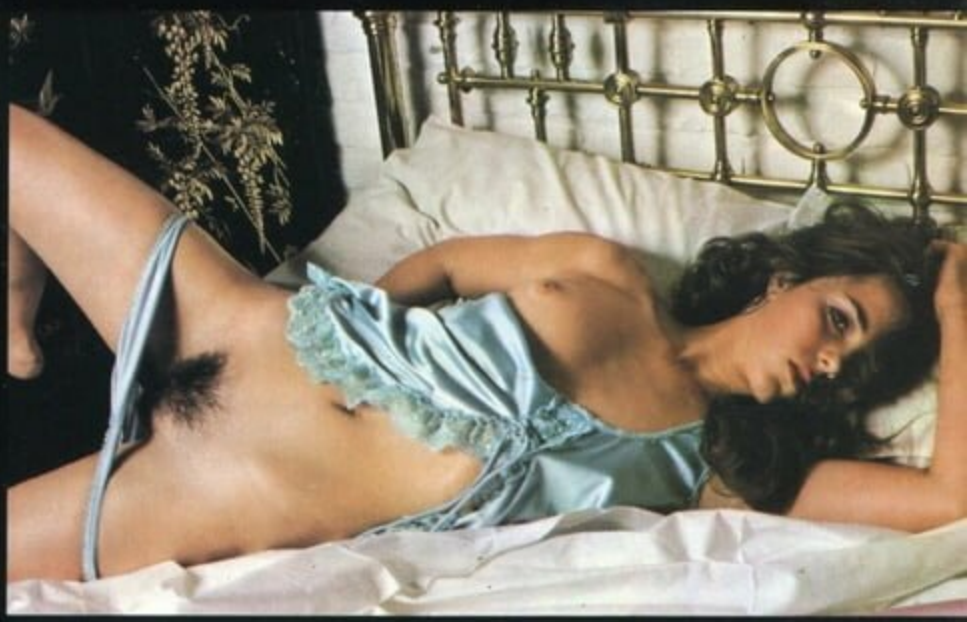
Her time in England has turned Marika into a confirmed Anglophile, though she still maintains a secret longing for a good *rijkstaffel* – 'No matter what it may *sound* like,' she smiles, 'it is in fact an Indonesian meal with lots of courses. Amsterdam is famed for them, but I haven't seen any Indonesian restaurants over here – at least not in this area.' She was greatly worried when that tanker oil slick threatened the Norfolk coastline a couple of months back, 'I'd have been so upset if the area had been badly hit. It's so beautiful on parts of the coast and of course on the Broads. The area as a whole reminds me just a bit of home and I suppose that's why I love it so much. The people could not be friendlier, though I find some of the men a little shy. They're rather nice and old-fashioned in a way, which I like.' She laughs. 'I sometimes have a job to make out their accents though, but still, we always end up managing somehow. I guess a wolfwhistle's international!'

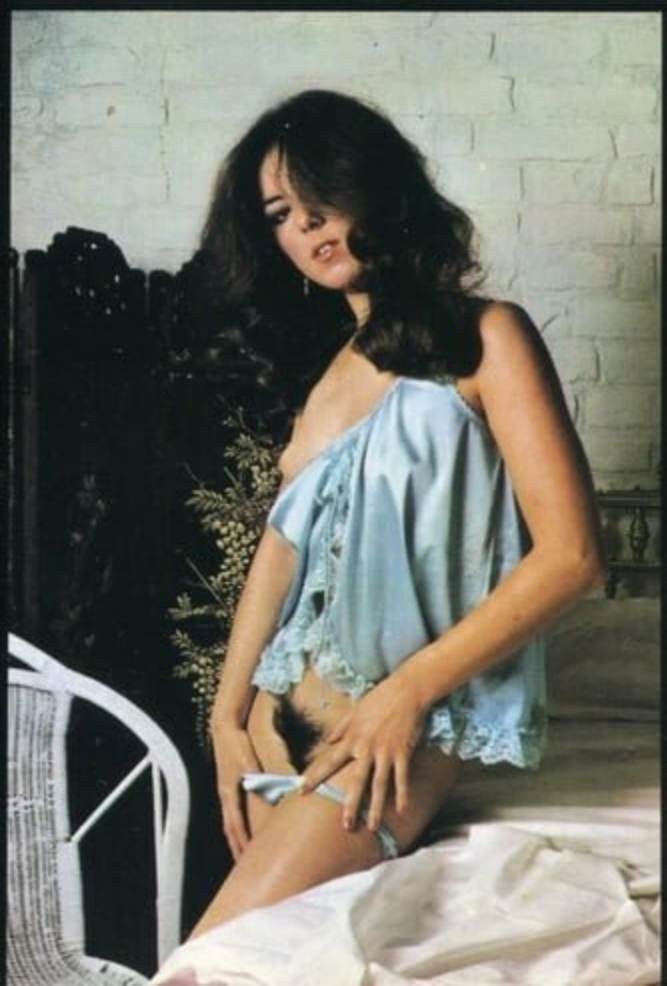


ANNETTE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM







Those born under the sign of Cancer, as every scrutineer of popular newspaper horoscopes will tell you, are homebodies: fond of comfort, order and a great deal of security. It's a description that 19-year-old Annette Morris readily confirms. A native of Nuneaton in Warwickshire, five feet four inch Annette lives at home with her parents and has no plans to move on. 'They're great,' she insists, 'and they give me all the freedom I want.' Freedom, when not pounding a typewriter as a secretary, to keep her 34–24–36 inches in trim bicycle riding, swimming and dancing in local discos.

'In fact,' she admits, 'there is only one disco in the immediate neighbourhood. For a big night out you have to go to Coventry or Birmingham, though I do only rarely. It's very quiet here. We have a museum and an art gallery, a really beautiful old Elizabethan house called Arbury Hall, and a canal which is pleasant for summer walks. Apparently the Victorian novelist George Eliot put it into one of her books, but don't ask me which one. She's our local celebrity. She was born here in 1819 – just to show you I haven't forgotten everything I learned at school!' Meanwhile Annette is between boyfriends. Who will the lucky new man be? 'Looks are important to me,' she says, 'but if there isn't an interesting personality to back them up then I quickly lose interest.' She grins suddenly. 'I was listening to a survey on TV recently which said that fifty per cent of women look at men's backsides first to see if they fancy them. The small ones are the most popular. I'd definitely agree.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

In a Lancashire primary school, Miss Jones was trying to correct the pronunciation of her pupils.
'It is quite wrong,' she declared, 'to say "I shu'n't" when we mean "I should not"; or "she wu'n't" instead of "she would not". Always remember, children, should not, would not, could not.'
A little later she noticed that one of her girl pupils was scowling ferociously about something, but she made no comment until after class.
'You know, Cheryl,' she remarked, 'I thought you were looking very bad-tempered this afternoon.'
'Yes, Miss,' admitted the girl, 'It were that Wayne Entwistle wot sits next t' me. I kep' tellin' 'im 'e *should not* – but 'e just *would not* tek 'is finger out o' my *could not*.'

Late at night the police waved down the weaving motorcar and informed the young man at the wheel that he would have to take a breath test. The man then produced from his pocket a small card which read: 'This man is an asthmatic. Do not take his breath.' So, the police took him along to the station and told him that he would have to give a blood sample. The young man then produced another card which said: 'This man is anaemic. Do not take his blood.'
'Oh well,' said the officer, 'we'll have to take a urine sample.'
Immediately the young man took out another card: 'This man is a Scotland supporter. Do not take the piss.'

An anxious father was waiting for his sixth-form son to return home from school. 'Where on earth have you been?' he asked when the boy finally arrived.
'Well, Dad,' explained the boy, 'I've just had my first sexual experience.'
On hearing this, the father beamed, nostalgically remembering his own youth, and offered his son a first glass of whisky. The following day the boy returned home at the usual hour.
'How come you're home so early?' asked his father. 'I thought you would have been busy with your new love.'
'Not tonight, Dad,' said the boy.
'Well, why not? When I was your age I couldn't get enough.'
'Actually, Dad,' explained the boy, 'my bum is still sore from last night.'

A young lady racing driver was in bed with her new husband on their wedding night. Having indulged in the normal foreplay she suddenly grabbed her husband's erect member and began changing gear with it, at the same time imitating the noise of a racing car engine. The husband, although startled, carried on the intercourse as normal, choosing to ignore his wife's strange behaviour. However, the very next night similar events took place.
'Brrrrm,' she went, into first gear. 'Brrrrrrm,' into second. This time the husband hardly managed intercourse, his penis being rather tender and sore. He felt it time to consult his doctor who, although sympathetic, assured him that highly strung sporting young ladies were bound to carry over their professions into their sex lives. 'If you're really concerned, however,' said the doctor, 'I suggest you shock her out of this habit by flipping her onto her stomach and striking from behind.'
'You really think that will work?'
'I'm confident it will,' said the doctor.
That night the couple had been in bed five minutes when the wife grabbed her husband's penis and 'Brrrrm!' wrenched it into first gear: 'Brrrrrrm! Brrrrrrrm!' through the gears into top. The poor chap was barely able to move being in such pain when, remembering his doctor's advice, he flipped her onto her stomach and stuck his bruised staff in the back way.
'Aaaaaaah!' she groaned, 'Four gallons, please.'

It was Sunday morning in the Gospel church in America's south. The preacher stood in the pulpit and said: 'It's come to ma notice that some of you in the congregation have been a sinnin'. Some of you have been a hein' and a shein'. Come out to the front and stand over there.' Then he paused as the packed congregation thinned out.
'Some of you have been a hein' and a hein',' he continued, 'come out to the front and stand over there.'
Sheepishly the sinners all obeyed. 'It's come to ma notice,' the preacher went on, 'that some of you have been a shein' and a shein'. Come out to the front and repent.'
The preacher then looked down the church to see only one little old man sitting at the back. 'Sweetness and light still prevails in the community,' the preacher intoned, 'look on this good man as an example to all you sinners.'
With that the old man rose and said, 'Ah don't think so preacher, ah's been a mein' and a mein'.'

A lady bought a gorgeous suit for £125 at a swanky King's Road dress shop in Chelsea, but was appalled a week later, to discover exactly the same suit in Blomburg's Bargain Basement for £20. Highly annoyed she returned to the first shop where the manager used all his eloquence on her and soothingly added, 'Perhaps this other suit wasn't made of virgin wool.'
'At prices like yours,' said the woman, 'who cares what the sheep get up to.'

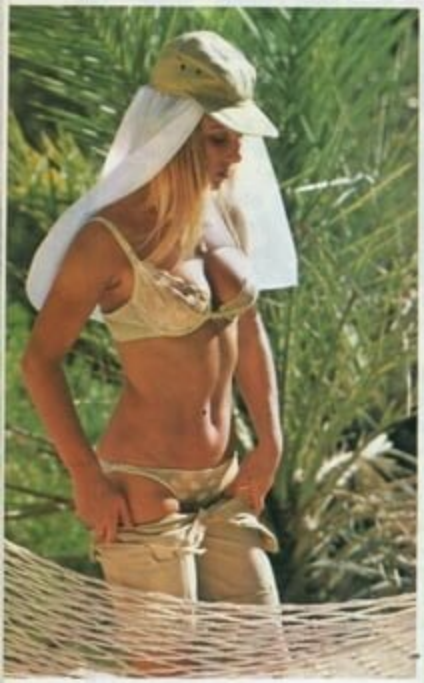
A certain romantic young poet
Put dung on his member to grow it,
So people would talk
Of the length of his stalk
And the tubers that dangled below it.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

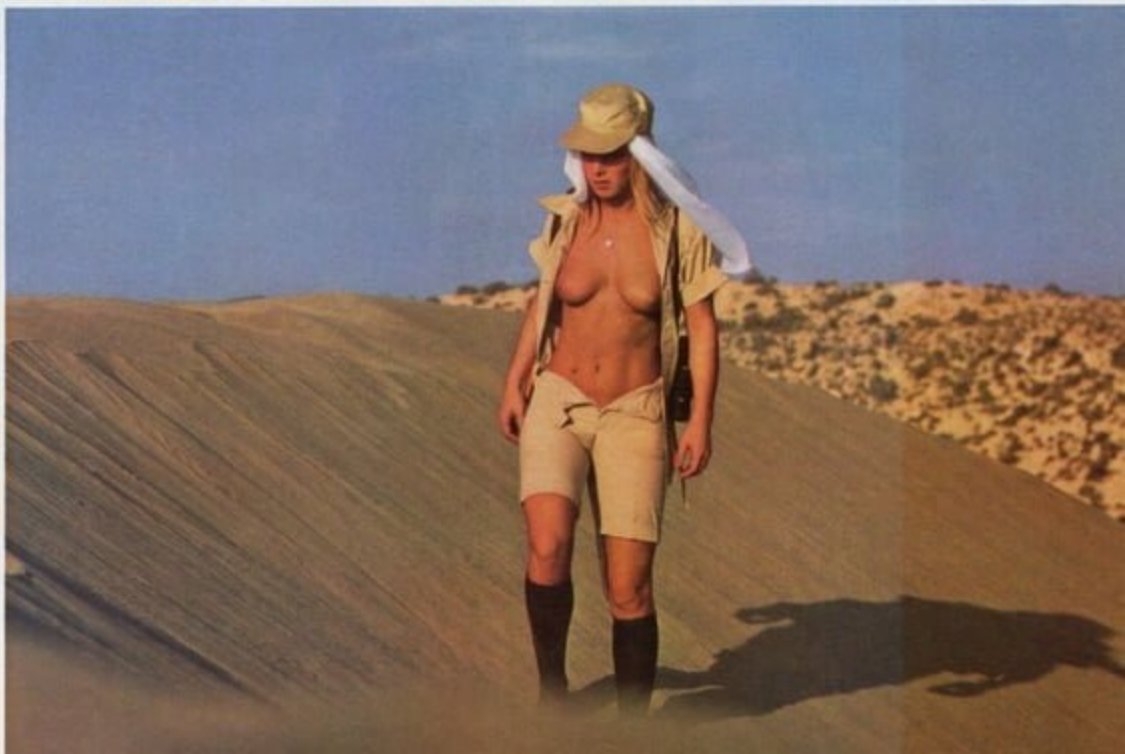
KATRINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

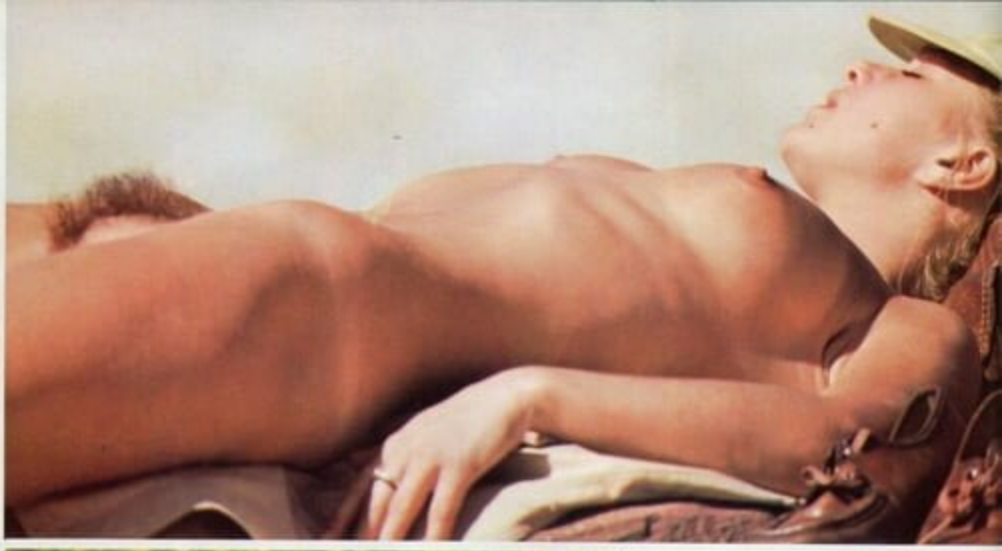
You've doubtless heard of *Beau Geste,* so now meet *Bare Geste*; to be precise, Katrina Andrews who'll be 22 years old on September 18. Far from being a mirage conjured up by the sun-baked Sahara, Katrina's a very real 34–24–35 and stands a leggy 5 feet 6 inches. Katrina has only been in the modelling business since last October, but has already notched up an impressive list of credits: North Africa for this photo-set and an assignment in Thailand.



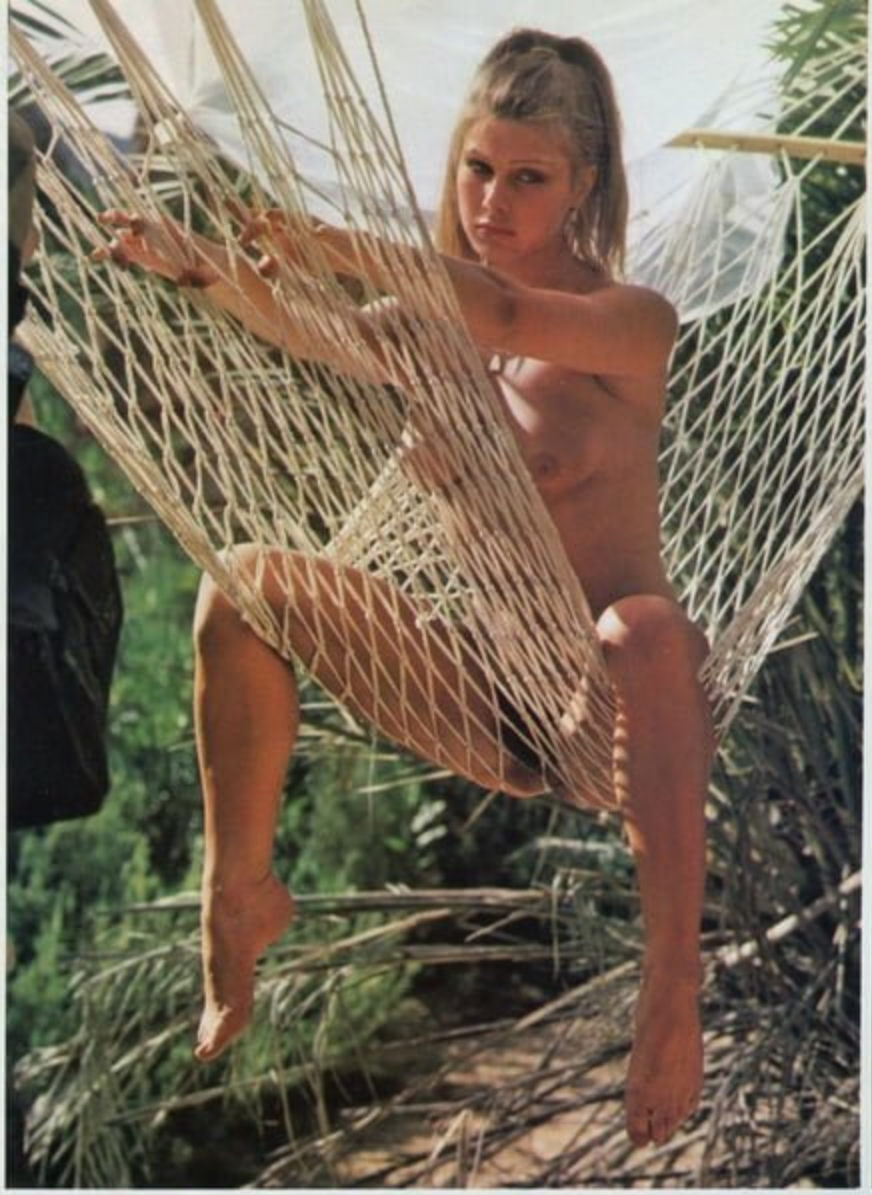
'Thailand was absolutely magical,' says Katrina. 'We were staying in a small village called Pattaya which is a little way south-east of Bangkok. The place is quite geared to the tourist industry and there are some marvellous restaurants and discos on the beach. My favourite was *Dolf Riks* – they do great seafood. Of course the swimming is super too which suited me fine as swimming is one of my modelling specialities – you know, beachwear and stuff like that. We were there in February which is one of the hottest months in the year – the temperature was regularly in the nineties! But that was *cooler* than North Africa!'



As for her French Foreign Legion rig-out as featured in this photo-set, Katrina confesses herself to be totally captivated by the Legion's whole ethos. 'Being an incurable romantic,' she maintains, 'the Legion strikes a chord deep down inside me. I know it's probably



not like how I imagine at all, but the thought of a man being spurned by some woman and going off to join the Legion as a result is just dreamy. I must admit though that I'd feel a bit guilty if one of my boyfriends did something like that as I hate hurting people.'



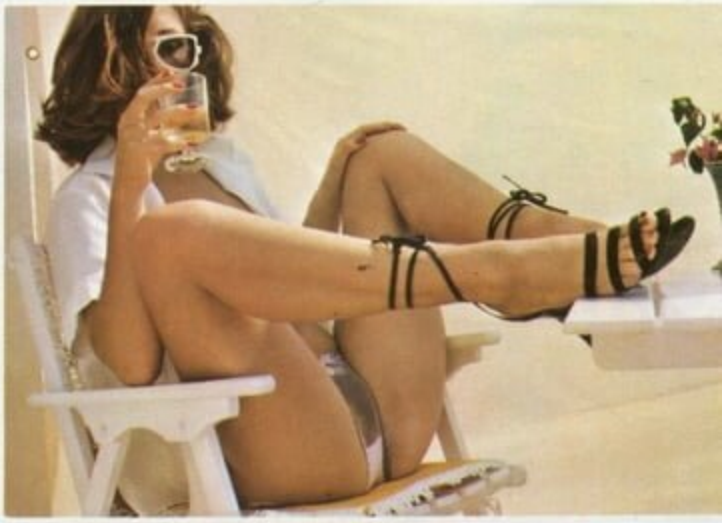
Back from glamorous modelling assignments in exotic climes, Katrina lives in a small London batchelor-girl flat. 'Though I used to live on a houseboat on the Thames,' she says. 'In summer it was really great because you could lie on the deck and sunbathe, but winters were rather cold and damp and that's what prompted me to move out in the end. I'm a real sunny weather girl. There's nothing I like more than lazing around on a hot day with as little on as possible so that I can get a good tan.' Alone or with company? 'Ah,' she smiles, 'that would be telling, but yes I do have boyfriends and no, I'm not tied to any one in particular.'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / KATRINA ANDREWS

CARLA

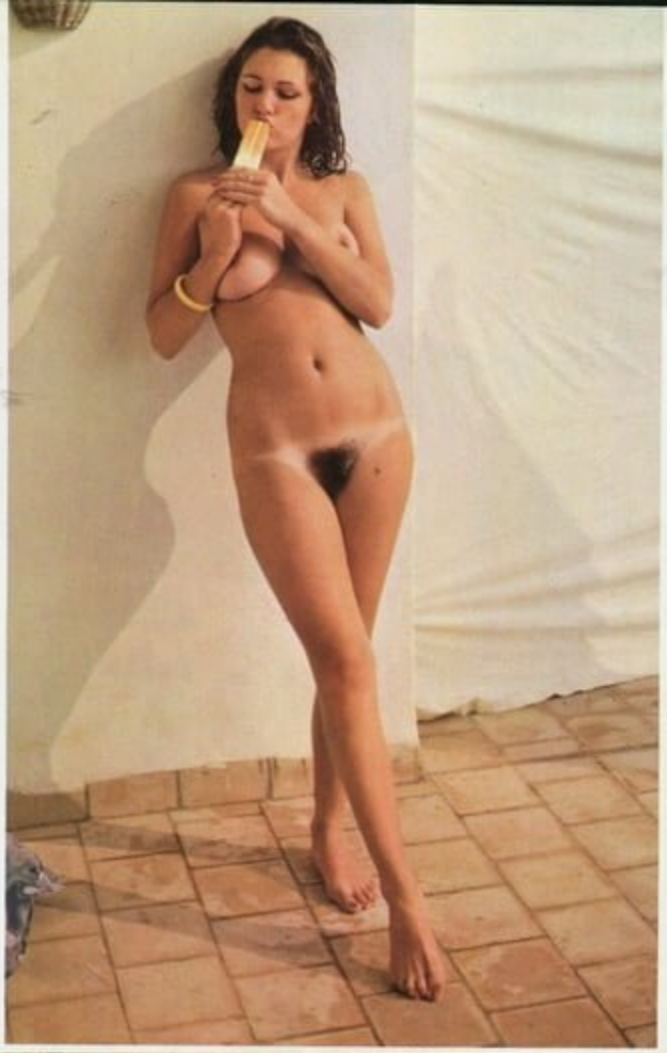
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

With high summer now upon us, just about the most refreshing way of cooling down, apart that is from swilling down gallons of iced lager, is to take a long and leisurely dip in swimming pool or sea. Be you an embryo Mark Spitz or just a determined doggy-paddler, chances are that at some time during your life you'll have got yourself into some degree or other of difficulty while swimming and if that difficulty has been serious, you might have found yourself in the frightening situation of having to be rescued. It's odds-on though that your rescuer was not in the same looks league as 24-year-old Carla Ransome, whose alluring 36–24–36 belies a proficiency in aquatic affairs that few of us could ever achieve. For Carla is a life-guard at a busy South Coast resort made all the busier at this, the height of the summer holiday season when mishaps are predictably most likely to occur.



'I'm primarily a pool life-guard,' states Carla, 'although I have done some beach work too, but not in this country – that was at a package tour resort abroad. There are differences of course as watching over a pool is a lot easier than keeping an eye over some vast expanse of sea; though in the latter case

you quickly become experienced as regards the areas where people are likely to get into trouble like around rocks or where a beach might shelve steeply. Swimming,' maintains Carla sternly, 'should, as you say, be a fun and relaxing thing to do, but there are a few simple rules and regulations to keep just as there are in most other sports.'



Such as? 'When you're on a beach don't swim when warning flags fly; don't go out of your depth if you're a weak swimmer; try and keep near people so they can help you if you get into difficulty and don't take silly things like airbeds into the sea as a current could sweep you out. As for pools, just behave sensibly and don't run about as you might slip and come a cropper.' Carla smiles. 'You must think I'm some right old dragon laying down the law like that, but you'd be amazed how many people act stupidly and then are surprised when they get into trouble.' Despite the fact that being rescued by Carla would be a pleasure, her warnings are obviously well-worth heeding. 'Sometimes,' she grins, 'I wonder who'd ever rescue me if the occasion arose, but I guess that's what male life-guards are there for!'

PAINTED LADIES

Classic canvasses undressed and

The Model Maid

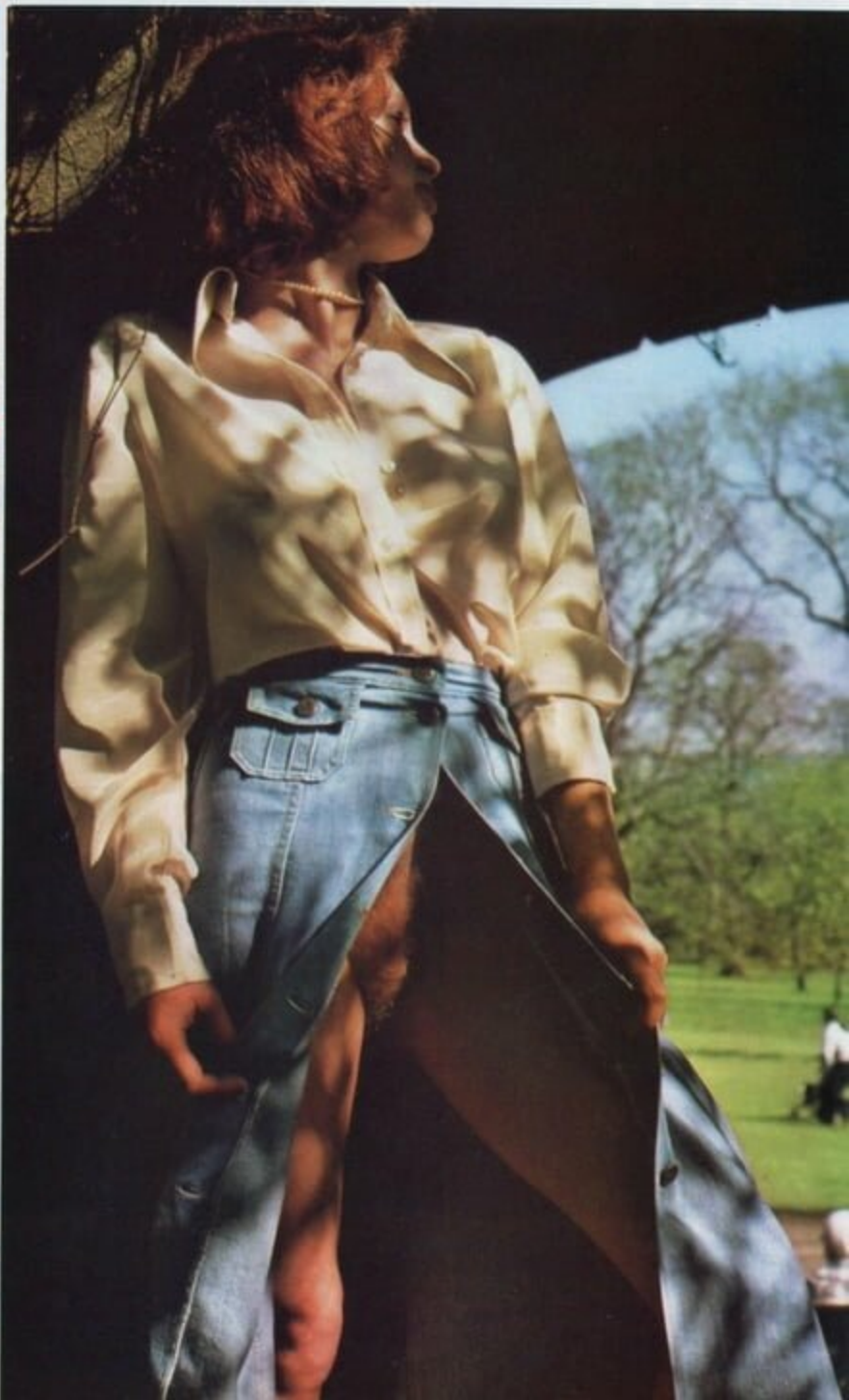
updated by Ronald Cobb

'Just for a moment there I thought I had something.'

SUE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER PEARSON

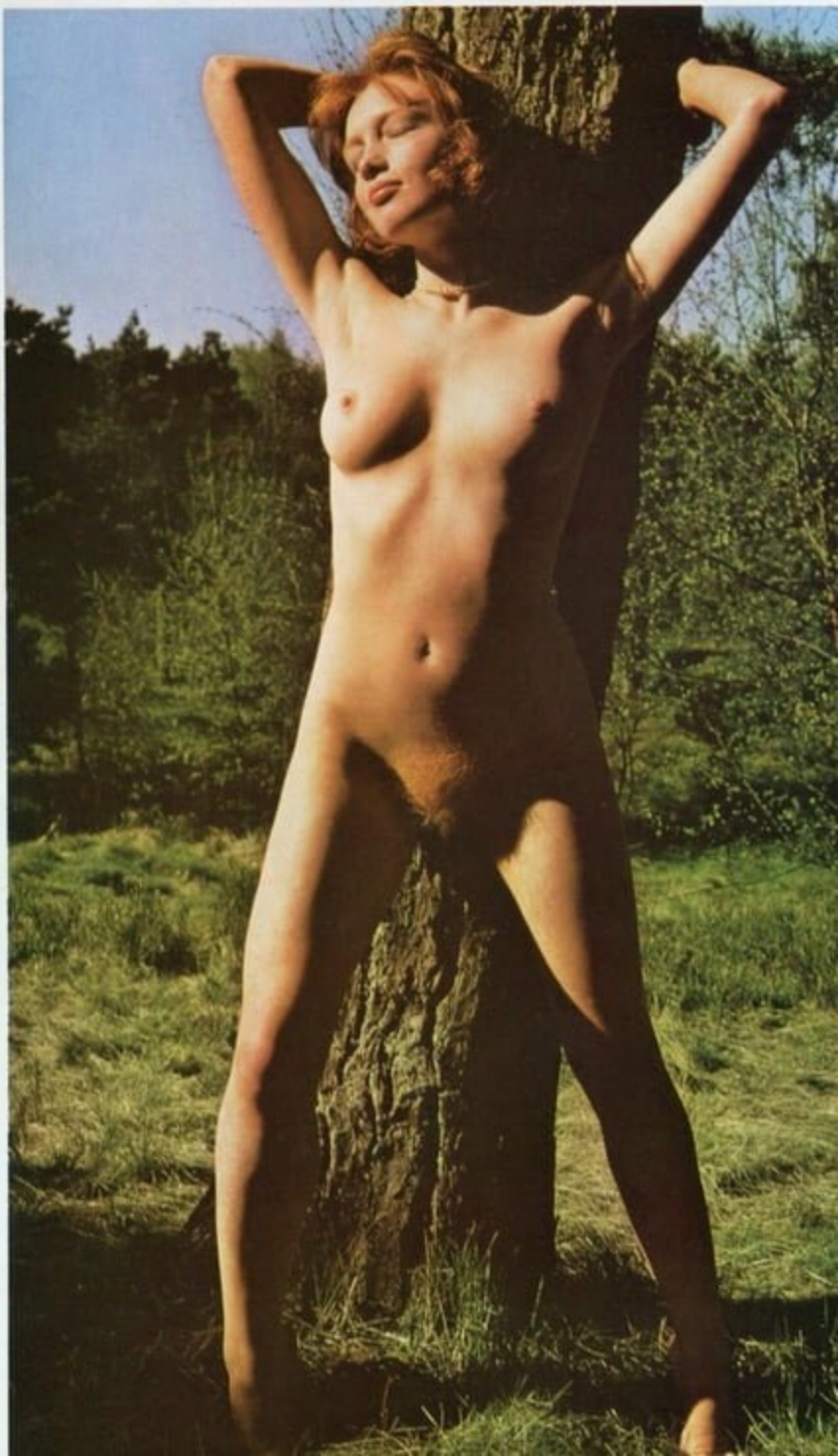
Ever since Portia did her legal bit in *Merchant of Venice* girls have gravitated towards the law as a career and 22-year-old Sue Kelly from Sheffield is the latest in that line. Recently graduated in law from the University of Leeds, Sue is currently in the process of becoming articled to a solicitor before fully qualifying when 25.



Sue, who was born in Bradford, was schooled at the local girls' grammar whose uniform, for those keen on such facts, comprises a navy gymslip, cream blouse, black, blue and gold tie, navy cardigan, white socks and, of course, archetypal navy blue knickers. Now filling clothes with

a rather more interesting 33C-23-35 Sue's prime loves in life – the law apart, that is – are jigsaw puzzles, science fiction, the local Sheffield nightlife and her membership of The Roundhead Association, regular opponents of The Sealed Knot re-enacting Civil War battles.

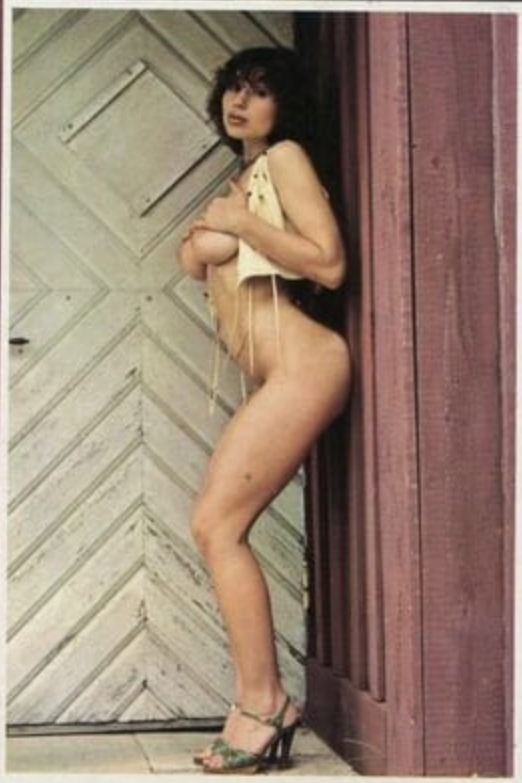
'Cavaliers,' claims Sue with tongue very firmly in cheek, 'are a load of cissies and pooftahs. The only thing wrong with the Roundheads is they won't let me fight – I have to be a camp follower. Still,' she smiles, 'we do at least get raped and pillaged sometimes!' Away from the battlefield, Sue's favourite haunts include *The Old Number 12* steakhouse in Exchange Street; *Crazy Daisy's* disco in Fitzalan Gate and a pub called *The Wapentake*. 'An odd name,' agrees Sue, 'but I'm afraid I don't have any ideas as to its origins. I've been too wrapped-up in my studies to take as much interest as I should in local history. However,' she smiles, 'I'm sure that there must be some knowledgable Sheffield readers who can explain.'

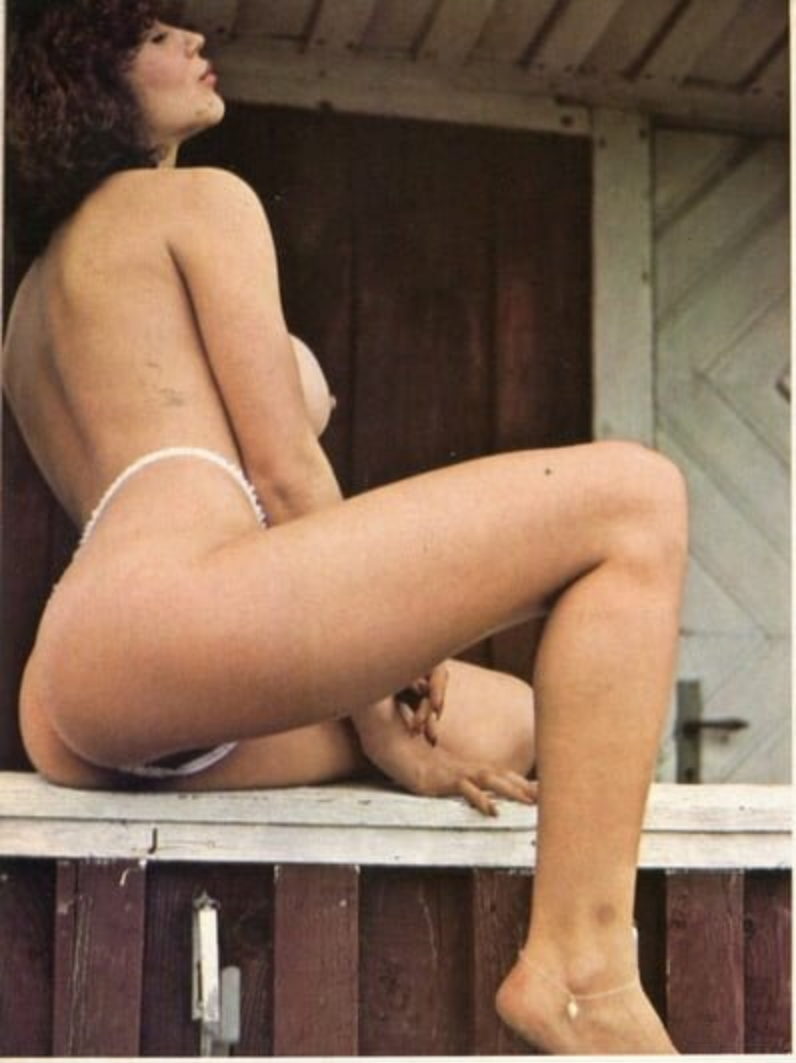


AVA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQVIST

Making a welcome return visit to our pages is Ava Cadell who wowed you all some three years back. Ava, who's now reached the ripe old age of 23, has spent a majority of the interim period modelling abroad, ensuring that her 5 feet 5 inch, 34C-21-33 is now just as familiar a sight on the continent as it is over here. She's also been adding to her list of television credits which now boasts appearances in such prestige shows as *The Two Ronnies* as well as earlier spots in the late lamented *Steptoe and Son*, (the part, by the way, that brought her to the notice of *Mayfair* readers), and the first of the great science-fiction blockbusters *2001*. Ava still shares her bedroom with Monty, Nancy, and Cedric – cuddly toys of course – and Popeye the vulgar parrot too. *Plus*, as they say, *ca change*.





CARRIE

Carrie's ripping rivals can't stop her beauty contest success

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5
NUDE
MISS SUNNYBEACH
2
Drawn by STEVE KINGSTON
Story by DAVID BRENNER